GLEE.—The Hobby-Horse.

Dr. Stephens.

WHAT to the valiant Knight of Spain
Was Donna del Toboſo,
Such is the idol of his brain,
To every virtuoſo.

Don Quixotte to a goddeſs lifted
An home-ſpun country laſs;
Each grain of corn the damſel ſifted,
With him for pearls could paſs.

Whate'er the curious deifies,
It thus his fancy warms;
And gives to ſhells and butterflies,
Imaginary charms.

But let not thoſe that look more grave,
Themſelves their wiſdom pride on,
Since every man muſt ſometimes have
His Hobby-horſe to ride on.

CATCH.

PR'YTHEE fill me the glaſs, till it laughs in my face,
With ale that is potent and mellow:
He that whines for a laſs is an ignorant aſs,
For a bumper has not its fellow,